

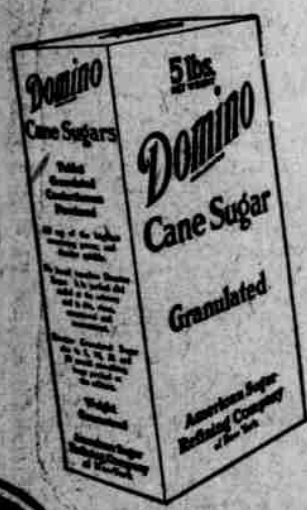
EVENTS OF INTEREST
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVESAmerica's Wasted Fruit
Would Feed Belgium

While people starve abroad—while our cost of living mounts steadily—we let millions of bushels of fruit perish annually. This extravagant loss can be saved and your table expenses cut by canning fruit in quantity—now.

The Government and public-spirited newspapers urge housewives to do this. Fruit of all kinds is healthful and economical. Don't let a few hours' work stand in your way. In putting up fruit use



Domino

Granulated Sugar

It is all cane, quick dissolving and of highest sweetening power. Kept clean by 2 and 5 pound cartons and 5, 10, 25 and 50 pound non-sifting bags packed at the refinery.

Ask for it by name



against the wall and I'll show you something.

No dirty work, now, sed Skinny. Wats the matter, you're 3 to one, aint you, sed the fat boy. Wich we was, and Skinny went and stood with his stumckle against the wall and I leened against his back fruntwards, and Sam leened against my back backwards, and the fat boy sed, Now all put your hands up the air. Wich we did, and then wat did the fat boy do but leen against Sam all his mite, aquashing us 3 against the wall so tite we coodent even get our arms down.

Hay, yelled Skinny. Hay, yelled Sam. Hay, yelled. Hay, yourself, sed the fat boy. And he leened harder than ever, feeling like a ton of coal any worse, saying, Say enuff if you had enuff. Enuff, us 3 sed as loud as we cood, not being very loud on account of not having much breath left, and the fat boy stopped leening and ran down the street, and all we cood do was stand there leening against each other with no breath looking after him.

Jersey is Just the
Fabric For Fall

HER TROTTEUR.

Deep tan woolen jersey develops this suit, cut with a gored skirt and jacket with strapped belt to match the strapped cuffs. The brown velvet collar gives a smart autumn touch and matches the jaunty sailor.

TODAY'S POEM

VANQUISHED

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant died July 23, 1885.

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by the lightning stroke
Not by the lightning stroke
When the fiery tempest broke—
Not mid the ranks of war
Fell the great Conqueror.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the
cannonade—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed
not.

Brain that swerved not, heart that
quailed not
Steel nerve, iron form—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the
storm.

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumber came,
Touched his brow and breathed his
name;
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

The Hero woke, rose undismayed,
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low;

Victor in his latest breath—
Vanquished but by Death.

—Francis F. Browne in Boston Trans-
cript.

TRENTON TO SPEND
VACATION WORKING.

Pell Trenton, who has been playing leading parts with Cecil Spooner's players at the Lyric and the Park theatres, will spend his vacation working. Trenton expected to have a rest, with the other members of the company, when it was decided to close for three weeks, following the last performance of "Three Weeks," on this Saturday night. Sunday he received an urgent telegram calling him to Boston, where he will open on Monday next, in "Under Cover," a play in which he achieved unusual success here.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS
AND DESIGNS.
JOHN RECK & SON.

Farmer Want Ads One Cent a Word.



(Continued.)

Even though he was looking in the direction of a heavy smoke cloud that had followed a sharp blast to the north of them, Steve felt the weight of Allison's questioning glance.

"We," he echoed. "Where do I figure in it?"

The younger man's upward glance was seemingly surprised.

"You? Why, you're a stockholder. It means as much to you as it does to Mr. Almesley and Mr. Elliott."

Allison interrupted him. "Surely!

I feel! What I mean was how in the world can I make them understand that such a fool idea is all wrong? So far as this constructive work is concerned, I'm not an active member. I—I had that understood with Elliott when I went into this thing."

"Of course," Steve in turn broke in. "I understand that. But they know you; they know that Morrison would be nothing more than a street of well kept lawns and cow pastures if you hadn't seen its possibilities. And so I've already told some of them, Mr. Allison. I've gone even further and given a lot of them my word that you'll guarantee yourself that this is the biggest thing for the good of this section that has yet happened."

The speaker smiled frankly into the bigger man's eyes.

"And that was all they needed, was it?" Allison queried, at length. "That fixed it, did it?"

"Absolutely!" Steve's cheeriness should have been infectious. "Absolutely, Mr. Allison. A lot of people have come to look on your word as law in this country, you know—a lot of them."

"Hum-m," replied Allison. "Hum-m."

Both of them were quiet for a time. Steve's next remark brought Allison's head up sharply.

"I meant to bring some of my estimates and plans down with me when I came," he told him. "You spoke of wanting to run over the whole proposition with me, you'll remember, the first day you arrived."

Allison nodded shortly. "I remember."

"I'll bring them next trip," Steve finished. "I came so near to losing them last night that I'm taking no chances until they're in duplicate. We can run over them later?"

Allison wheeled and gazed meditatively toward the group who were slowly moving their way. His daughter, Barbara, with Wickersham at her side, was in the lead.

"Any time," he agreed. "There's no particular hurry."

And then a moment later, just when she was beginning to wonder whether he was purposely avoiding her, Barbara was surprised at the calm ease with which Steve took her away from her last escort. She had noticed that Wickersham and Steve had not touched hands when they first met, an hour or two before, nor even hinted at such a salute. But now, as earlier in the day when her dash toward the stables had left him standing rigid in the middle of the lawn, she failed to see the expression that settled upon Wickersham's long face. It was Dexter Allison this time who noticed it, and hours later, when he and Wickersham sat and faced each other in the downstairs room in the house on the hill which served as Allison's office, he remembered and recognized it.

"You wanted to talk with me?" Wickersham inquired as he entered the room that evening.

Somehow Wickersham's unending politeness had always irritated Allison. That night his smoothly infectionless question nettled him.

"Your infernal fool, Harrigan, bungled last night!" he blurted out. "He messed things up beautifully. He not only failed, but he failed to get away without being seen. That's what comes of trusting a job like that to a drunkard."

Wickersham seated himself—sat and caressed a cigarette. Coolly he waited and blinked his eyelids.

"My man?" he murmured. "My man?"

"Ours, then," Allison corrected sharply—"ours." Then he seemed to recollect himself and his voice became less abrupt. "Listen. This afternoon I had a talk with O'Mara—that is, I started to have a talk with him, but—be he beat me to it. And in just about three minutes he told me that he'd caught Harrigan on the job—not mentioning any names, I don't mean—but he didn't need to. And he told me more than that. He as good as gave me to understand that he'd know where to place the blame if there was any more interference with his men."

Wickersham crossed a long leg and blew a thin blue streamer of smoke.

"Yes?" he intoned bodilessly.

It brought a blaze to Allison's eyes, that nerveless monosyllable.

"That doesn't interest you, eh?" he snapped. "Doesn't interest you at all! Well, it does me. Three months ago I bought into this affair because I was as sure as any man could be that I'd collect 100 per cent on my money next spring. Elliott and Almesley? Pahl! Nice gentle old ladies when it comes to a game like this. They're anachro-

lists; they are honest business men twenty years behind the times. You've heard of taking candy from children? Well, that's what it looked like then. But it doesn't look that way any longer. Talk with you? Yes, I did want to talk. I wanted to tell you that if you'd like to switch I'm willing right now. I wanted to tell you that if you'd rather be a good little boy and get into line I'm willing, and more than willing.

"You ain't goin'!" he began, and suffered that spoken protest also to remain uncompleted.

"It's not late," Steve's voice was thoughtful. "It's not late, but it's sure very quiet." He stood gazing out into the gloom. "Maybe I'd best run down and see what all our visitor of the other night. Somehow the more I've thought about it the more I've come to fear that he is temperamental, Joe, too temperamental for such a wearing proposition as this one is likely to be. And you haven't slept much since I've been gone. Oh, that was easy, just from your eyes! So you'd better turn in. I'll just stroll down and let them know that I'm back home."

It is odd how much of finality there can be in the quietest of statements. Eyes narrowed, Joe stood in the middle of the floor and watched him depart without further objection. But the moment the blackness had swallowed him up he backed to the bunk, fumbled for a gun which Steve had tossed upon the blankets and followed out into the dark.

Stephen O'Mara stood a long time outside the door of the workmen's bunkhouse that night, fingers upon the latch, before he made any move to enter. But neither a wish to eavesdrop nor a desire to frame experimentally the words he meant to speak was the reason behind that pause. It was in itself a new thing to find the long, low building lighted at that hour, even though, as he had himself put it to Joe an instant before, it was hours from being late. That night the almost absolute silence beyond the closed door was an even more unusual state of affairs. The voice of one man only was audible, the words he spoke indistinguishable altogether. But sudden bursts of laughter, punctuating the recital which he could not clearly follow, were indication enough to the man outside of what manner of tale was holding the ears of that roomful of rivermen. Stephen O'Mara, who had long ceased to wonder at the discovery in them of new and impressive finenesses, was bordered close upon by an utter and unappealing gross could be the premeditated coarseness of those same men.

There was no movement to mark his entrance when he finally pressed the latch and swung the door open, not so much as a single glance to indicate that his presence was noted. Under the yellow light of flickering oil lamps the eyes of all those scores of gaudy, shirred figures lounging against the walls were fixed eagerly upon the face of him who held the middle of their stage—him who talked from where he half lay, propped on one elbow, in his bunk at the end of the room. Harrigan, red shirted, red headed, for the last lounging at ease, waiting for the last surge of appreciation to subside before he gave them the close of the story, the last titbit, the savor of which already had set him noisily to licking his lips. And in the doorway, Steve, rigid of a sudden, sensed what that climax was to be.

"Her fl-an-ay inside!" the droling, indistinguishable words were very plain now—"her fl-an-ay inside, consoomed with pride and anticipation, tellin' all who had come to dance that she had promised to be his for-ri-ver more. And her at that same minute outside with him, and both ay thim!"

Harrigan did not hurry it in the telling. And if his portrayal of Archibald Wickersham was unmistakably deliberate, neither did he fail for want of sufficient detail to make the other picture clear. Vilely he gave them the complete imagery of his vile brain.

A shout went up, a louder, hoarser outcry of applause which rocked the room. And then that rigid figure in the doorway had started forward. Between those lanes of suddenly silent men Steve passed in silence, to stand before him who had achieved his climax a breath before. And at his coming Harrigan slid from the bunk, started to reach within the blanket rack at the head of what had been his bed and then thought better of such impulse. Bravado intermingled with blank surprise, he came haltingly to his feet. The voices of few men have been as unburiedly deadly as was that of him who faced Harrigan that night.

"That was wise, Harrigan," Steve told him slowly—far too gently. "That was wise to let your knife lie safe within your pack, for if you'd touched it I'd have killed you, as I ought to kill you now. But you're drunk, Harrigan. You were drunk a minute ago when you lied your lie. You're sober now. You're sober enough to start again and tell me you're a liar."

"Oh," he exclaimed uncertainly. "I didn't know you were busy. I saw the

light. I'd been over to Uncle Cal's just for a minute. I want to tell you. Good night!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A Girl Like Her.

It was dark, the night of that second day, when Stephen O'Mara came quietly up to the open door of his own lighted shack and stopped for a moment to gaze in at the two men, whose faces were touched by the glow of the lamp on the table. There had been more than one moment in those forty-eight hours which had elapsed since he had lifted that black robed, inert figure from the floor in which Steve had whithered whether Garry Devereau would even await his return to Thirty Mile.

Save for a short and casual "See you in the morning," Stephen O'Mara turned without a word that night to leave the improvised sleeping quarters in the storehouse shack.

He looked at Garry nodding drowsily, on a bunk and then at Fat Joe seated near him. Their eyes held for a moment before Steve turned again toward the door. And perhaps his manner was a little too unconcerned that evening, a little too carelessly careless, for almost before he had lifted the latch Fat Joe stepped forward one quick, protesting step and then stopped on second thought.

"You ain't goin'!" he began, and suffered that spoken protest also to remain uncompleted.

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